THE MISSIONARY

HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

The Oldest Magazine of Continuous Circulation in the United States

From Around the World . . .

. . . *Greetings*

DECEMBER 1946

REINFORCEMENTS ARE COMING UP!

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THE NEW

MISSIONARY HERAL

287 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y

BEGINNING *January First*

★ THE CHURCH CALENDAR SERVICE

WILL BE PUBLISHED BY

THE MISSIONS COUNCIL

★

If you do not subscribe, do write today for further information.

Beginning the first of the year the Missions Council will publish the Church Calendar, formerly prepared by the General Council. An attempt will be made to make the weekly Calendar an even more effective tool. It is prepared for both large and small parishes.

The two inside pages carry the best material that can be found on personal religion, evangelism, the work of the church, missions, etc. The local church prepares the copy for the two outside pages. It is printed on paper for letter press or mimeograph.

The Calendar is not printed in July and August. The cost is fifty cents per hundred copies, postpaid to any address. They can be shipped to your printer, if you prefer. Calendars are shipped from New York on the 15th of each month for use the following month.

Churches are asked to send cash with orders. If this is not convenient, monthly bills will be sent. Orders received range from twenty-five to fifteen hundred copies weekly from individual churches. Calendars are not dated but special numbers are numerous.

ADDRESS

THE CHURCH CALENDAR SERVICE

THE MISSIONS COUNCIL

287 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

FROM THE *Editor* . . .

Christmas is the time of year when we look forward to hearing from all our friends. And this is the mail-box edition of our magazine. It is packed with letters to you from widely-separated fields of Congregational Christian work and concern.

These letters provide an intimate picture and a human casebook of our projects, people and problems. They were not written out of a vacuum. Behind each letter is a story of struggle, sacrifice and service. They supply their own backgrounds and contain few cryptic allusions. In other words, each letter tells its own story of faith and needs and courage.

In the time of the Second Empire, some nameless genius perfected the art of painting historical scenes on china. In the museum you can see a delicate Sèvres tea service adorned with a set of Napoleonic scenes: on a cup tiny mortars belch orange flame against the walls of Ratisbon; on a creamer statesmen and generals stand exquisitely life-like in uniforms which glow with color; on a plate peasants wait expectantly for the parade. It is all very life-like and instructive.

This is true of the letters in our Christmas magazine. They present life-like and instructive glimpses of our Congregational Christian interests at home and abroad. Space does not permit the inclusion of letters from all our fields of activity. But those included are typical, and reveal some of the needs and opportunities confronting us at home and abroad.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Vol. CXLII DECEMBER, 1946 No. 10

Editor: ANDREW VANCE MCCRACKEN

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Managing Editor: WILLIAM K. WILSON

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FROM

Nebraska

ON HOW TO PAINT A CHURCH AND HAVE FUN IN DOING IT

A PROJECT LETTER BY GRETCHEN DE VRIES FROM DANBURY

Our Congregational Church in Danbury, Nebraska, was in desperate need of repainting. A Pilgrim Fellowship work camp of sixteen young men and women undertook the job this past summer. Perhaps many readers of *The Missionary Herald* (and particularly Pilgrim Fellowship readers) will be interested in a day by day account of our work and fun.

SATURDAY It was about 6:30 Saturday evening at Danbury when the first car of Work Campers arrived. Of course we were all anxious to see the church which would be the center of activity for the next week, so Uncle Bob Pullen (who was supplying the Danbury Church) escorted us over.

We could see at once a week's work ahead of us. Uncle Bob immediately began pointing out all the scraping and nailing which had to be done. He called our attention to the number of windows, knowing that painting windows and screens was a tedious job. Ladders, paint, pails and rags were stored in the basement showing that someone knew just what a group of painters would be needing.

We were assigned homes in Danbury for our week's stay. After settling the matter of the 7:00 breakfast hour, we set out to our new homes, thinking of the tomorrow when we'd all be together again meeting more of those lovable Danbury folks.

SUNDAY We were impressed by the number of children and young people that were in the church. The young people's class was especially large with our own group there to supplement it. After dinner we drove to the neighboring state of Kansas, only a couple of miles away. There was never a dull moment with Frank leaning from the car window to catch sunflowers. But he did lose one of his prize neckties out of his shirt pocket some place along the

road. On our return journey we all kept our eyes peeled, and spotted it. Frank was happy again.

As 8:30 drew near, the church bell rang calling us all to worship. Uncle Elmer brought us a thought-stirring message: Our true purpose at work camp was to work; to bring spiritual blessing to those with whom we came in contact; and to enrich our own personal life through our daily devotions and Christian experiences. We were not giving a week of our time to Danbury, but rather, being blessed by receiving into our lives a week of Christian Fellowship with our Danbury friends. Then we sang our Pilgrim Fellowship song, "We Would Be Building." As this first day of work camp drew to a close, we felt we were off to a true work camp start.

MONDAY This year we were using a little different approach to our order of morning worship at work camp. We started the day with a service of meditation; all we said and did during the day was supposed to be part of our worship. Roger told us about the work camp in Scotland where this form of all-day worship originated.

Knowing from experience what was in store for us that first morning, we had a hearty breakfast. Some of us went on KP, and Uncle Elmer ushered the rest outside for instructions on painting. For most of us it was just a refresher course, with the familiar phrase of "carry it over and bring it down."

First, Roger posted the union sign, "Danbury, Local Number 1 of the United Church Painters of America." Then the crew got off to its official start.

After Uncle Elmer finished choosing the proper colored shirt to wear with his working clothes, he went out again to check up on the progress of his crew who were scraping, nailing and painting. Roger was busy painting the toes of his shoes and the board which was to be the sign at the front of the church. We noticed he had also found time to put up the necessary "Danger! Men at Work!"

If the appetites at noon were any indication of how hard the gang had worked, we think Uncle Elmer should have been very pleased.

The last two hours Uncle Elmer really pushed the painters to get that east side to a good stopping place. Jim was so busy working he didn't even have time to sing. But we did have a little music with the folks inside the church practicing special numbers for the evening service.

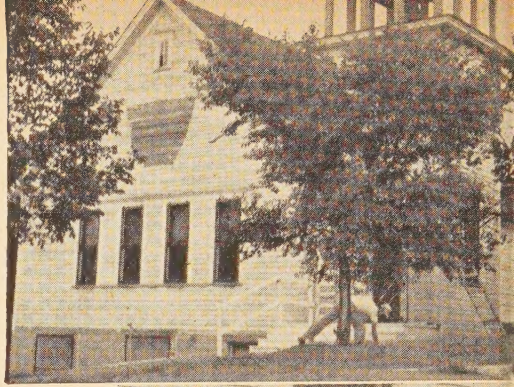
Our day's worship continued at 8:30 with Bob Green reading "An Evening Prayer." Roger warned the congregation that when the bell rang later in the week, it would not be a fire alarm, or a foreign invasion, but the end of the painting job.

TUESDAY Jim managed to spill the first can of paint. He didn't say "pfud," nor did he say "pfap," but he did say "phooey." We hoisted the midmorning cookies on a rope to those working in the tower. The boys in the tower were putting on the second coat, while those on the ground kept pointing out to them the "holidays" (places they had missed).

A few of the gang got to singing a little, but everyone was concentrating too hard on painting even to sing. If we weren't careful, we would paint ourselves right out a of job. When the first coat covered almost all of the church, Uncle Elmer himself painted the front door jambs.

After supper we had the closing of our day's worship. We heard an informal discussion of the activities of General Council which met on

The Danbury Church (right) as the sixteen members of our Pilgrim Fellowship work camp saw it on arrival Saturday. Below, busy following orders to "carry it over and to bring it down"



Doane Campus in June. It was thrilling to hear of the plans they had made, which must be fulfilled by action in our local societies.

WEDNESDAY The second coat on the north side was finished and Clair and Ralph began working on the east off the extension ladders. Quite a few painters finished up the west, while others worked on the south. With all of the sun's glare on the west this afternoon, Uncle Elmer had rather a hard time getting one of the painters to see where she had started and stopped "carrying the boards across."

We quit work at 4:00 to clean up for the picnic. The Danbury young people were our hosts, and we were treated royally. It was at Devil's Gulch near Indianola. We roasted wieners, played games, had a fine campfire sing, and heard some ghost stories.

THURSDAY Uncle Elmer told Roger and Jim to "bring it down and carry it over both ways, all at once." The job of mixing up the paint and filling the buckets fell to Chuck. He said he knew why Uncle Bob liked it so—it was the best gold-bricking job he could think of.

Whenever Uncle Elmer could not find anyone, he knew just where to look. That was in the auditorium where Roger was painting the sign. Roger was running a race with the sun, because Aunt Gertrude wanted to take a picture of the finished sign. And he won. Uncle Elmer put the sign in place, and touched up the nail heads with a little white paint. We all stood back and admired this A-1 job of lettering which said "Danbury Congregational Church." A cross was painted above it. The

sign added immeasurably to the appearance of the church.

All too soon our time for games was gone, and we joined in a friendship circle as we remembered together this week of perfect fellowship.

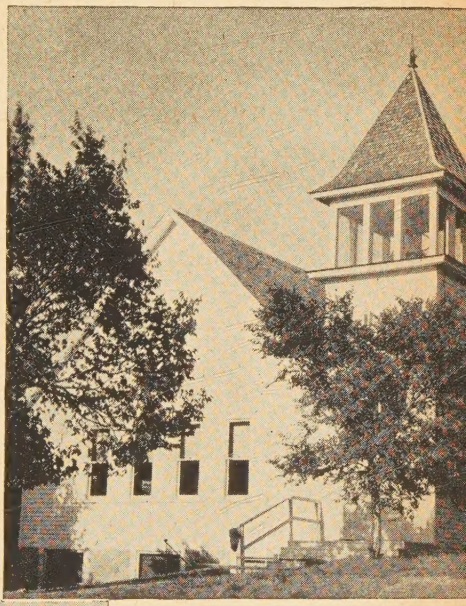
FRIDAY There wasn't any sleeping late that morning even though it was the last day of work camp. I'll bet Frank and Jim, who were putting the finishing coat on the doors, wished that they had not slept in the same house with the foreman.

Roger asked for ideas on having a Work Camp Fellowship with a common plan which we could all follow for daily devotion and prayer. This was agreed upon. . . . Our treasurer reported that a total of $25.58 had been contributed to the CWVR milk bottle at the breakfast table.

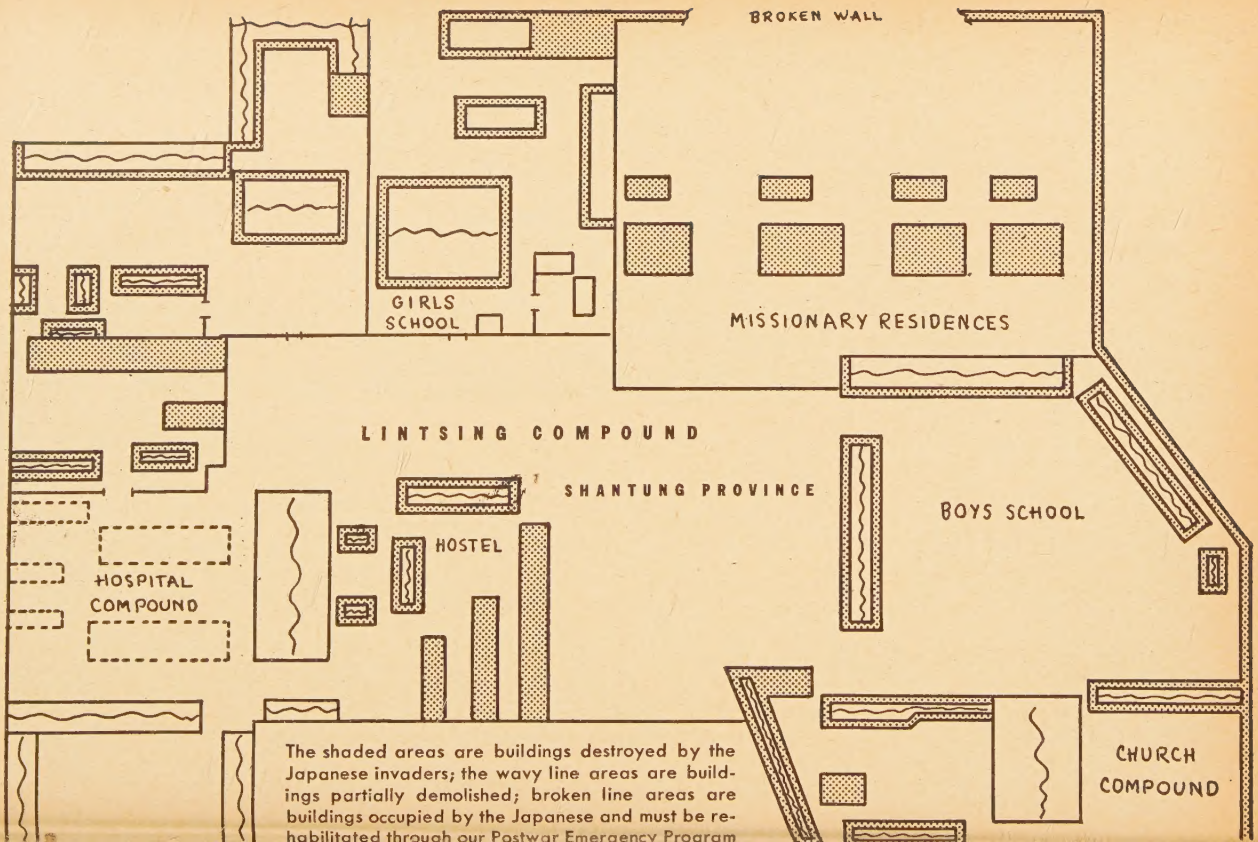
As the various jobs were finished, Uncle Elmer suggested that Roger get the group together for our worship service. We had to do some fancy stepping and some plank walking to get into the church, without walking on the newly painted steps, but we all made it safely. As we left the auditorium we all took our turn at ringing the bell. Someone had a little extra energy, and Jim had to climb the tower to fix it again.

With such a nice pile of trash at the south of the church, we had an ideal setup for the traditional clothes burning ceremony. Standing around the fire, we sang, "London's Burning" and "We're Sorry We're Going Away" which was truly the way we felt.

Miss De Vries was a member of the Pilgrim Fellowship work project group.



At left, all sixteen members of "Local Number 1, United Church Painters of America." Above, a job well done. Is your Pilgrim Fellowship a working group? If so, tell us what you have done



The shaded areas are buildings destroyed by the Japanese invaders; the wavy line areas are buildings partially demolished; broken line areas are buildings occupied by the Japanese and must be rehabilitated through our Postwar Emergency Program

FROM

China

A PICTURE OF DESTRUCTION AND OPPORTUNITY IN CHINA

A GRAPHIC LETTER BY A. D. HEININGER FROM LINTSING

It took more than half a century to build and develop Lintsing mission compound here in the province of Shangung, China, but only moments for war, vandalism and hate to put it out of service.

Many of our foreign mission properties—churches, hospitals, schools—were bombed, gutted and destroyed. Lintsing is only one of these casualties, but perhaps a description of it will give you readers of *The Missionary Herald* a general picture of the colossal task we Congregational Christians face in rebuilding our essential foreign properties damaged or destroyed in the combat areas.

Lintsing compound is in the suburbs of the county seat, Lintsingchou, on the edge of the Grand Canal. Buses run between the city and railroad sixty miles away, and boats sail up and down the canal bringing the people and products of the countryside to the city.

Our Congregational Christian churches, through our American Board for Foreign Missions, began its work here in 1886. Before the war, two large primary schools—one for boys and one for girls—were conducted in the compound; a Bible Training School was also maintained; the city church was located here; and the Elizabeth Memorial Hospital ministered to the whole countryside, having an excellent reputation and the good will of everyone.

At one time four missionary families and a number of missionary ladies were on the staff at Lintsing. But for the last ten years it was directed by an entire Chinese staff, with the exception of visits by Dr. Alma Locke Cooke, who was also the doctor in charge of the Tehchow hospital, sixty miles away.

When the Japanese first came to Lintsing, they numbered about 1,200 soldiers; they left 200 to 500 here throughout the entire war. These made sorties out into the surrounding country, but there seems to have been no large-scale battles at Lintsing.

The Japanese occupied the mission compound, completely destroying some of the buildings, partially wrecking others, and hauling away furniture, windows, doors, heating apparatus, etc. About half of the entire outside compound wall was torn down, and nearly all of the trees were used for fuel. Very few trees remain.

Later the Red Army took over the city and occupied the mission compound, using the hospital to care for their wounded. Later they removed all hospital supplies, equipment and hospital personnel to one of their bases in Hopei Province.

You will see that we Congregational Christians do face an opportunity and a responsibility. "Let us rise up and build." As a Fellowship, committed to the world mission of Christianity, here is an opportunity to be "the rebuilder of the broken walls, the restorer of paths to dwell in."

Mr. Heininger is a missionary in China of our American Board for Foreign Missions.

It's chopstick time for the children of our kindergarten and primary school in Foochow, China

ROM THE

Near East

REPORT OF PROGRESS IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S HOT SPOTS

A HOPEFUL LETTER BY JESSIE E. MARTIN FROM SCUTARI

As once more the members of the Near East Mission, forty in number, are assembled at the Scutari School in the first fully represented Annual Meeting since the beginning of the war, we are eager to have our friends and supporters at the home base share with us through this Christmas number of *The Missionary Herald* those factors which have served to make this gathering an outstanding and unique one.

1. For the return of world peace and for the rekindling of hope and faith in the hearts of men, we would express our heartfelt thankfulness.

2. The termination of the war and the removal of the fear of impending disasters have led us as a Mission to take a long look ahead in the consideration of personnel and buildings which we feel should be sufficiently adequate to enable us to carry on more effectively the work of all of our various institutions.

3. The unprecedented favorable attitude toward Americans shown by the people and the government of this country and other parts of the Near East gives promise of opportunities and privileges which formerly were greatly restricted.

4. The fourteen new members who have joined our Mission in the past two years have brought new vigor and inspiration into our midst. We would express our joy and united approval in the new departure of the American Board for Foreign Missions in appointing candidates regardless of race.

5. The presence of Mabel E. Emerson, a secretary of our American Board for Foreign Missions, in our meeting after her recent refresher visits to the stations of the Greek, Syria, and Turkey areas has made our meeting doubly satisfying and uplifting.

With the cessation of war, there was felt the urgent need of "taking stock," for even buildings which were not devastated by bombs are in dire need of repair or rejuvenation after

The Nazis pitched their tents on the campus of Orlinda Childs Pierce College in Athens, Greece

the long years of depression and war when all construction was brought to a standstill. Hence it is that, with all our schools in various stages of deterioration or ruin, we are forced to ask, through the Postwar Emergency Program, for a substantial sum to meet the expenses of a building program representing only the most essential requirements in the next few years.

Our institutions in Turkey can now expect many more favors due to the increased friendliness toward Americans brought about by the Roosevelt administration, the four-day visit of the "Missouri" and other similar factors. Our dilapidated buildings not only hinder us in doing effective work but are also the cause for our losing the respect and confidence of those who look to us for something above the lower level. Though we do not aim to encourage luxury and wasteful expenditure, we do wish to have our schools and hospitals examples of proper sanitary arrangements and healthful living conditions

Some students and members of the faculty of the Near East School of Theology at Beirut

The girls of Pierce College observe Field Day

as well as of comfort and of simple beauty.

We are grateful for all the efforts that have been made by our Congregational Christian churches of the United States in providing us with new personnel. We realize the inroads the war has made in the task of securing new workers and that it is not easy to find the right persons, but we trust that before long it will be possible to staff each of our institutions with the number of personnel necessary to render the highest service to those who come to us.

The group of young missionaries, who are attending their first Annual Meeting, have imbued us with new ideas and hope as they assume responsibilities which must be shifted to their younger shoulders. An evening taken over by them for a panel discussion of their first impressions, their aims and aspirations in this, their first missionary venture, brought mingled feelings of pride and gratification to the older members of the Mission as they witnessed the earnestness and dignity with which the meeting was conducted.

The reports from all the stations and other departments of religious work also sound this note of cheer and hope in the results attained during the past year and in the brighter outlook for the future. Our doctors and nurses in the three centers have not only administered to the physical needs of thousands but have also brought healing and comfort to many sick of heart and soul. Our schools are at the zenith of their popularity as evidenced by the overcrowded conditions in all three areas, while at the same time many pupils are turned away or registered two or three years in advance. Parents more and more appreciate and value the personal interest and the emphasis on character training in which our schools specialize. The evangelistic work in the whole Mission goes on in spite of the ravages of war or the lack of trained preachers.

The last evening of our gathering was fittingly given over to a memorial service for seventeen of our Near East missionaries and associates who in the past two years have been called to a higher sphere of labor.

Thus as we come to the close of our session we would convey to the churches who contribute to our work, and to the American Board for Foreign Missions, our gratitude and our appreciation for the support and prayers which make it possible for us to serve these lands to which we have been sent as ambassadors of Christ.

Miss Martin was appointed a missionary of our Congregational Christian churches in 1920, and is principal of our American Academy for Girls in Scutari, Turkey.

The members of the nursing staff of the Azariah Smith Memorial Hospital located at Gaziantep

FROM THE

Philippines

INTRODUCING A FEW STAUNCH CHARACTERS YOU SHOULD KNOW

A STIRRING LETTER BY CARL HEATH KOPF FROM MANILA

Let me introduce you to a few new friends who live in the only Christian country in the Orient, the Philippine Islands. I met them in their rice fields or cocoanut groves or wrecked cities. They never complained about the ruin of the war.

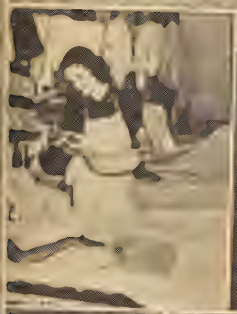
This little woman who weighs only eighty-five pounds is Doctora Baldemera Sexon. She lives in the city of Davao on the southern coast of the big island of Mindanao. She is a Filipino and therefore when the Japanese took Davao, historic mission center of our Congregational Christian churches, she was not interned as were the Americans. But our mission hospital in Davao was wrecked and the staff scattered. This brave doctor opened a hospital in her own home, lovingly cared for the civilian patients wounded by shellfire, and faced the enemy.

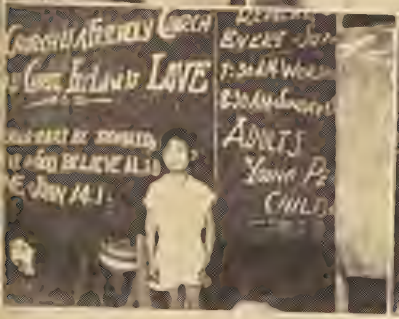
She had a huge red cross painted on her roof. Today her house is almost the only one in Davao not destroyed. When the Japanese needed medical care for some of the internees who were ill, they brought them to Doctora Sexon's hospital where they were nursed back to comparative health and given underground news about the outside world to take back to internment camp.

Every day she risked sudden execution to help those who were in deep trouble through no fault of their own. When interned Christians were getting almost nothing to eat except soup from carabao heads and tails and feet, she sent bananas and rice out to the camp to try to keep them alive.

Today Doctora Sexon is the senior physician in Davao Mission Hospital which has been moved out of her home into its own shattered, blasted

Right, varied scenes of life and people in the Philippine Islands as seen by the author. The ceiling, partitions, back wall and windows of our hospital (lower left) are gone. Fortunately the roof of the hospital still stands. Repairs will begin when Postwar Emergency Program funds are available




LOVE
ADULTS
Youth &
CHILD

Manila, the battered capital of the Philippines, is symbolic of the Islands' postwar needs

building. The hospital must be rebuilt to serve the thousands who live in this hemp growing area. Who will help?

It has made me humble and grateful to know Dr. Sexon, and I shall never forget her. I intend to prove my memory of her by asking our Congregational Christian churches of America to help her rebuild her hospital through our Postwar Emergency Program.

The young pastor that I should like you to meet now is Honorato Indino. He serves a church near Colonia on the lovely island of Bohol in the central region of the Philippines. A man of quiet voice and friendly smile, he knows his Bible almost wholly by memory. When I asked him to find certain texts he turned to them unerringly.

The day the Japanese came into his village, he decided to stay by his church and conduct services as usual, no matter what the consequences.

The first time he started down the road for prayer meeting with his Bible under his arm, a Japanese officer stopped him and asked where he was going. "I am a Christian pastor on my way to conduct a service in my church," was his simple answer. Suspecting him of being a spy or a guerrilla, the officer threatened to hang him, and pointed out the rope on a nearby tree for such

purposes. Indino said, "Whether you hang me or not is up to you. I have told you the truth, because I am a Christian. You may hang my body, but my soul is in God's keeping." The officer lost interest in hanging a man who was not afraid to die.

Indino conducted his services right through the war and today continues as a faithful pastor of Jesus Christ. His people are desperately poor, so I left him some clothes and Bible pictures which kind Americans had given me to take to the Philippines. I should like to send more help to a pastor who risked his life for his flock.

Now may I introduce to you a lovely young woman? She is Elisa Landasan and she lives in the fishing village of Linga on the shore of huge Laguna Lake south of Manila. Elisa is a deaconess in her church—a girl who has been a consecrated Bible student.

We met with her and the people of her church in the center of the village, with everybody in town looking in through the wrecked windows. We members of the American deputation made neat little speeches about our friendship. Then Elisa stood up quietly and made one of the most deeply moving speeches I have heard.

"We who are left in Linga are grateful for your visit from America. Here in our church today you see mostly women and children. That is because seventeen of the nineteen men members of this little church were brutally executed by the Japanese when they (the Japanese) became panicky under approaching American pressure. Here in this room today are widows and orphans of our men. Now the women have to go out on the lake and fish to find food for their children. Nobody has enough to eat. We cannot afford to pay our pastor, so he has to fish too. We love our church. It is our chief hope, but it has fallen into ruin. We would go without clothing or food if we could have a place in which to worship. You Americans have promised us so much, but we have seen so little."

How would you have answered if you had been there as I was? The children and widows were crying in memory of their fathers and husbands. The whole room was plainly pulsing with the longing for the men who had been crucified.

I stood and, with trembling lips, asked, "What is there that I can say to you? I shall tell the people of America of your sorrow, and I shall ask them to help you rebuild your little church as a memorial to the men you have loved and lost too soon."

Now let us go to the White House of the Philippines and meet the President, Manuel Roxas.

We were ushered through carpeted anterooms into the neat study of the President. He graciously saw that we were seated and in forthright English told us that he needs our help in the moral and spiritual regeneration of the Philippines. "Education and religion are the only real defenses against lawlessness, and I hope you will do everything in your power to help us rebuild our schools, hospitals and churches." He is grateful for all that missionaries have done and hopes that more will come to aid in this period.

Every good wish to you, President Roxas. You have a hard job, and may God bless you as you face it. I propose to do all that lies within my power to present the moral and religious needs of the Philippine people to our Congregational Christian churches of the United States.

Dr. Kopf is pastor of our Mount Vernon Church in Boston, and is a Vice-President of our American Board for Foreign Missions.

Illustration on page 14 by Ewing-Galloway.

FROM

Czechoslovakia

GRATITUDE FOR HELP IN REBUILDING A BLITZED CHURCH

A THANK-YOU LETTER BY BOHUSLAV BENEŠ FROM VINOHRADY

The Executive Council of our Union of Czech Brethren Churches is very happy and grateful for the cheque of $2,000 which your American Board for Foreign Missions has sent from your Postwar Emergency Program to aid in repairing and reconstructing our meeting halls damaged by bombing.

(These churches in Czechoslovakia, growing out of the work of our American Board for Foreign Missions, became self-supporting in 1932. They have shown remarkable vitality in life and outreach. Their members suffered much in the six terrible years of war—many of them were imprisoned, sent to concentration camps, and some were shot or tortured to death. Practically all of their thirty-four churches are in serious need of repair. In addition to supporting their regular work, the members of these churches have raised $12,400 as a Gift of Gratitude for the rebuilding and repairing of their buildings.)

The letter with the cheque was cashed at the National Bank in Prague, and at the last session of the Executive Council it was immediately decided to appropriate the major part of the amount contributed to the church in Vinohrady to cover part of the expense of repairing damages. Since the repair work on this church requires about 300,000 crowns, the Vinohrady church received an appropriation of 70,000 crowns from this gift of our American friends. The remaining 30,000 crowns were appropriated to the church in Presov which was also greatly damaged.

The Executive Council of the Union of Czech Brethren greatly appreciates the deep interest and generosity shown by our American Congregational Christian friends in the healing of the wounds which our work has suffered during the war, and in the training of our future workers. We wish to take advantage of this opportunity of expressing our hearty thanks and great gratitude for this token of love.

Pastor Stifter and members work to clean up the débris

We also wish to tell you that we are looking forward to conferring with Professor Matthew Spinka, professor of Mediaeval, Reformation and Modern Church History at Hartford Theological Seminary. At his request, we plan at this conference with him to present plans to show how and where funds which might be entrusted to us could be used to the greatest advantage. We have great hopes that the doors for new work will open up in that section of our country lying along the borders of our Republic. In this area several new church communities have sprung up.

We are in great need of new workers and also of new meeting halls. We expect to present the details of our working program and enumerate our greatest needs in our conference with Professor Spinka.

We thank you for your prayers and your love, and ask you to accept the hearty greetings of all the members of our Council—and pass them on to our faithful Congregational Christian friends in America.

Bohuslav Beněs is Secretary of the Executive Council of the Union of Czech Brethren Churches.

The Vinohrady meeting hall after it was bombed in '45

FROM

Chicago

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIFE IN OUR "WINDY CITY" CHURCHES

A SPIRITED LETTER BY IONE CATTON FROM THE MIDWEST

A fortnight's visit among our Congregational Christian churches in the Chicago area reveals growing life and active interest in world-wide Christian affairs. Here in this vibrant area is good leadership. Here are active laymen. Here is a sound and sincere unit of our Fellowship.

Five years ago, when Lauren Messersmith was a student at Chicago Theological Seminary, he began serving our church at Millburn. It was a home mission church in a farming area, paying with aid a minister's salary of $1,200. Today with Mr. Messersmith still at the helm, the salary is $2,700; the church is self-supporting, and benevolences are steadily climbing. Newcomers and visitors are presented with a printed greeting, "The Congregational Christian churches of Lake County believe in a future America free from religious or racial prejudice—all races, all creeds working side by side." Visual aids are in wide use in this parish. Once each month the minister visits the rural public schools of the area, taking the new sound projector which the church has purchased and sharing with hundreds of young Americans religious films and other wholesome character-building materials. The church family itself is keeping in touch with the Postwar Emergency Program of our Fellowship through such films as "We Too Receive."

It is difficult to imagine how a seminary student, with a full schedule of study and class work, can give full time as a resident minister, lend manual labor to the reconstruction of the sanctuary and basement, and guide his parish in a constantly growing program of service and fellowship. But Orval W. Sampson is doing this at Cragin Church. It is a stirring experience to hear this group sing at their monthly midweek dinner and discussion meeting. They sing with spirit; they make plans for the new day that is dawning in their church life, making it concrete by increasing their Committee for War Victims and

Reconstruction gift from eleven dollars last year to $100 in 1946. Just now they are planning new windows—badly needed—for their sanctuary, and as you hear them talk about it, you are certain that they will look through these windows to the needs of their neighborhood and to the far horizons of the world's need.

Irving Park Church is temporarily without a minister. But the visitor has hardly crossed the threshold before the active interest of this group is apparent. In the Junior department is a life-size drawing of a heifer. The legs, head, etc., are labeled by dollars. These boys and girls know about the starving children in war-torn countries and have steadily saved out of meager resources until they have lately provided a "Heifer for Europe."

In the past three months women of our Glen Ellyn Church have mended two tons of clothing for the American Friends Service and have sent 1,400 garments to suffering families in Europe. The youth of this church, concerned about needs nearer home, are planning to help Fessenden Academy with its building program.

Lombard church youth, too, emancipated from racial prejudice, are inviting young people of other racial and national groups to meet with them. Together they are thinking and planning in terms of what Christian American youth can do to make America Christian. With the women's group active in sacrificial giving to the C.W.V.R., this church has in six years increased its apportionment giving 300 per cent.

Has our entire Fellowship heard by now about our Glenview Church, in a suburban town that has sprung up with breathtaking speed in a few years? It is a town of homes, of young parents and little children. Coming from many different Protestant backgrounds, some from no church background at all (the phenomenon of the second generation

The graceful tower on our church in Hinsdale is symbolic of its upward and outward reach

Forty thousand dollars erected and furnished our graceful building in Waukegan, Illinois

discussions. The church building burned two years ago, but it has not halted growth of the church school in this industrial area, coöperation in a heavy Community House program,

of the unchurched!) these alert, interesting, well-equipped young adults are, under the able direction of their minister, Robert A. Edgar, finding their way to a united, purposeful fellowship, whose membership has increased from fifty, five years ago, to 670, its benevolences from $100 to $4,000. Get acquainted with this group when in the Chicago area. On a strategic corner you will see, under construction, its fine new church building. In its homes, meanwhile, on weekday evenings, you will find its two large young adult groups, one composed entirely of veterans and their wives, meeting for fellowship and discussion, bringing in skilled leaders from the whole area to inform and counsel them as they plan church and community activities.

It is a young veteran and his wife who meet the Mission Council representative at the train and talk excitedly about church matters all the way to the crowded social hall in South Chicago where Paul J. Folino gathers his membership for midweek

plans for a new building, and the increase to $1,000 of a benevolence budget which was only $50 five years ago. This church identifies itself with the needs of its neighborhood through a series of lecture-forums its pastor is leading on current, national and world problems as seen from the standpoint of the Christian gospel. Many men not connected with any church are attending these

lecture-forum gatherings.

Des Plaines Church has found another way of serving an acute community need. In a sunny, first-floor room, well equipped for play, music, and rest, two skilled young women of the church direct a Day Nursery where young mothers who are needing and greatly desiring this help with child-care, leave their little ones daily under careful, friendly guidance. The service extends beyond the children of our parish.

Ex-Chaplain Frederick N. Nelson, Assistant and Director of Education in our Hinsdale Church, finds himself busy with two Pilgrim Fellowship groups, a Couples Club of young parents, and a Young Adult Forum which has launched an important new project, taking active part in the interdenominational work of the Chicago Church Federation. What does this area need that an all-Protestant effort can achieve? How can our group help with such efforts? These questions keep the group busy in many a leisure and holiday hour as well as in their Sunday evening forum meeting.

An ex-marine theological student is helping Charles C. Callahan, the minister, with the youth work at our Waveland Avenue Church. Here the Pilgrim Fellowship, which meets on Tuesday evenings, sponsors a recreation program which keeps the church building open every night of the week in a congested neighborhood where young people have no wholesome social opportunities.

Women of Oak Park First cannot but be aware of international affairs and are active in civic movements under the stimulus supplied by their officers. Making materials from our Council for Social Action constantly available, urging every woman to read data about all election candidates, these leaders help to achieve a live connection between this church and happenings in public life. As Dr. and Mrs. Albert B. Coe have lately come from their trip to India for our American Board for Foreign Missions, with a large supply of information, pictures, and enthusiasm, Oak Park First is busy pushing out its already extended horizons.

On their way into the sanctuary of the church at Mundelein, where T. S. Sampson is the minister, members of the fellowship have their attention arrested by *The Missionary Herald*, *The Washington Report*, the *Interracial Bulletin of the Federal Council*, the Postwar Emergency Program brochures, and other timely publications, so attractively arranged in the vestibule that one must pause. The only Protestant church in a rapidly growing community, this group has constructed a model for a new church building, but is already rearing a substantial structure of human values and of community service.

The new church of youth in the Mont Clare Fellowship includes the Junior High students, hears a sermon from the minister every Sunday, and conducts its own worship service.

Five Couples Clubs in our church at Wilmette keep young adults in touch with the church's wider outreach, beginning with its own community. Its contribution this year of $1,800 to C.W.V.R. is an index of its interests and concern.

Vigor and the forward look mark our church life in the Chicago area. They are churches large and small, churches old and new, churches urban and suburban and even rural. Together they work and grow and believe. The visitor departs full of hope.

Miss Catton is a Resource Secretary of the Missions Council.

Illustration on page 19 by Charles Phelps Cushing.

FROM

Mexico

YOUTH WORK AMONG PROTESTANTS SOUTH OF THE BORDER

A LETTER BY CONNIE AND LARRY STANTON BELOW THE RIO

A year and a half have passed since we came to this mission in Mexico. Different customs are no longer strange. The *tortilla* is already a part of our regular meal. Our ears have become accustomed to the ring of the church bells and the noise of firecrackers on special saints' days. The charming hospitality of the Mexican home, however humble or wealthy it may be, has become a blessed commonplace. The fellowship of our churches, schools, and social center all along the western coast is growing in warmth and unity. To picture our work and life here in Mexico for the readers of *The Missionary Herald*, we shall summarize some aspects of it under three headings.

YOUTH IN ACTION

Jalisco has a camp each year that is made up largely of the young people and children of our Guadalajara Church. The camp is divided into two sections—the children's camp and the young people's camp. The camp site is located near two very small villages—a long way from the city and medical aid.

This year the camp staff planned a special medical aid project for the campers. The last day of camp the young people hiked to one village and the children to the other. In the first village the young people were met by the *alcalde* or mayor of the town and the one schoolteacher. The group was received in the schoolhouse and the mayor introduced the director of the camp to the people. The camp director delivered a brief address of friendship and encouragement to the people. Then all the children of the village formed two lines while the schoolteacher and the young people of our camp formed a team of doctor and nurses vaccinating every child against smallpox. For those who were finished with the vaccination there were games and songs directed by the camp director and the young people.

The Stantons—Connie, Elizabeth and Larry

After a deeply grateful response from the teacher of the school, we marched off with a song in our hearts to meet the other group in the other village seven miles away. Here we all united in song and prayer around a large campfire in the yard of the village Protestant chapel. To one village we carried the gospel of the salvation of the human body. In the other we shared in the gospel of the salvation of the human heart.

MUSIC FOR EVERYBODY

The forty-voice choir of the Guadalajara Church has become famous in Mexico. The annual Christmas concert was given three times in Guadalajara last year. Music from

The soprano section of the Mazatlan choir

Arturo plays for the children of Acaponeta

Below, the Guadalajara choir. Right, members of the bass section of the Mazatlan choir

all nations was chosen by the choir director, Arturo Villalobos: The Russian *Bell Song*, two Czechoslovakian carols, the beautiful *Jesu Bambino*, the Spanish *Villancico* and others. This program was broadcast over the Federal Radio Station in Guadalajara. It was given Christmas Sunday in our Guadalajara Church. On Christmas Eve the carolers went from home to home and their rich harmony enlivened the cool silence of the night and brought joy to those privileged enough to be awakened by its beauty.

Arturo's work does not center only in Guadalajara. The Mazatlan Church also prepared special music for the Annual Church Board Meeting of the entire mission in a nearby town. After this meeting Arturo spent a short time in the same town. The church is small and has no piano or organ. So Arturo carried along an accordion. Here he formed three groups—small children, intermediates, and young people. In the short time that they were together they each learned group singing and began to appreciate the joy of singing great church hymns beautifully.

HE WHO WOULD VALIANT BE

A memorable episode of the life of our church in Mexico occurred one night in February. A bomb was thrown into the churchyard of one of our churches during the service. It was the closing service of the four-day annual church meeting in Acaponeta, Nayarit.

All of our pastors were present and many of our lay-workers. The church was full to overcrowding. The closing sermon was being preached by the Executive Secretary of the National Protestant Interdenominational Council of Mexico, Roman Torres. Those of us who were inside heard the explosion as though the bomb had hit the roof. A few arose from their seats as if to leave. Pastor Torres saw the danger of a panic and with perfect calm motioned everyone to arise and suggested that we sing "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Outside, the story was different. One of the members of the church had been standing outside because there were rumors of the possibility of some such occurrence. In a Catholic convention that was held three weeks before in the same town the theme, "In Defense of the Faith," was discussed. Word got around that the Protestant church was to be bombed. This member of the church was "on guard" for anything that might occur. When he saw the bomb land a few feet away he picked it up to throw it away from the church building. As he did so the bomb exploded and three of his fingers were blown off. The wife of the pastor suffered even more. Her five children were asleep in the pastor's cottage next to the church. The fright caused a very severe nervous shock.

The city and state authorities were notified and the neighbor family that was responsible was called to account for this occurrence. Soon afterward, the mother of this Catholic family was taken severely ill. The pastor of our church, being a practical physician, saw the need of bandages and other supplies which he furnished without charge in the spirit of Christian brotherhood. He held no bitterness in his heart for those who had been the cause of great suffering in his family.

Here is the Christian spirit in action. Here is the need—and the answer. Here are ignorance, hatred, and fear. And here is Christ's answer: the knowledge and practice of forgiving love.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Stanton were appointed missionaries to Mexico in 1944 by our American Board for Foreign Missions.

FROM

Vermont

HOW TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF AN A.M.A. BIRTHDAY PARTY

A LETTER BY LOUISE CUMMINGS FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Inasmuch as we of Vermont were the first of the National Fellowship of Congregational Christian Women to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the American Missionary Association with a birthday party, it occurred to me that the readers of *The Missionary Herald* would enjoy a brief account of it.

The party was held during the fall meeting of our Fellowship of Vermont Congregational Women. There were 137 present. The women of the entertaining church (Bellows Falls) served a delicious dinner. The tables were decorated with fall flowers, but the central decoration was the large birthday cake, three-tiered, and handsomely embellished. It was at the center of the head table—directly in front of our guest speaker, the Reverend Joseph H. Evans, formerly minister of our Grace Church in Harlem and now with the Connecticut Council of Churches.

As the dessert was being served, Mr. Evans was introduced, and spoke briefly of the century-old work of the American Missionary Association which has not only expressed the concern of the Christian conscience for human justice and dignity but has also produced tangible social consequences of far-reaching importance and has changed profoundly and for the better the character of human relations here in the United States.

Immediately all the people seated at the center table began to light the birthday candles on the cake. It is quite a trick to light 100 little candles on a cake without burning yourself to death, but we succeeded, and in a very short time the cake was ablaze with light. We all sang "Happy Birthday" as Mr. Evans, in the darkened room, held high the lighted cake for all to see. And then everyone made a wish. After a moment of silence, Mr. Evans blew out the candles. Believe it or not, he blew out all 100 in one breath, whereupon someone shouted out, "That

means that the A.M.A. will get its $300,000." Then the cake was cut in tiny bits and everyone present had a bite. It was really a very jolly and exciting moment.

The room was again darkened and Mrs. Charles Stanley Jones of Burlington showed the slides of our tour of the A.M.A. schools and colleges. She did a grand job. Her comments on each picture were brief but delightful, and everyone got a unified and valuable glimpse of the A.M.A. program. Then we flashed on the film, "The Color of a Man," prepared especially for this 100th anniversary of the American Missionary Association. We who had seen the film's premiere at the Grinnell General Council felt that we enjoyed it even more in Bellows Falls.

An offering is always received at the fall meeting of our Fellowship, and this year, by vote of the Board of Directors, the offering was given to the American Missionary Association. It was not taken at supper but at the evening meeting which followed. The Reverend George Booth Owen of the Bellows Falls Church suggested in his announcement that the offering amount to one dollar for each of the 100 years. We were all sorry that we did not succeed in securing this goal, but the $77 was an exceptionally good offering.

We women of the Vermont Fellowship hope that many of the women of our churches will make immediate plans to arrange a Birthday Party in their churches. In this way we can all help the American Missionary Association to carry forward its program of far-reaching importance.

P.S. You will all share my joyful surprise at the news that the Bellows Falls women, after working so hard to make our meeting a success, voted at their last meeting to add $23 to our Birthday Party offering—making it our hoped-for $100.

Mrs. Cummings is President of the Fellowship of Vermont Congregational Women.

CHAMBON-SUR-LIGNON, FRANCE

Today I have been two months in France as a representative of our Congregational Christian Service Committee, and it has been a most eventful and interesting experience.

Let me begin by saying that I am deeply impressed not only by our Service Committee work camp but by the people here at Le Chambon. This is as near to being a real Christian community as you'll find anywhere in the world. (See the article by Elsie Schomer in the May issue of *The Missionary Herald* for a full description of Chambon-sur-Lignon.)

I want to tell you a bit about the refugee students with whom we are working. A number of them have no homes and a number of them want to leave this continent for good. For example:

A young chap showed up wanting help. Of course, he had no identity cards and papers and, consequently, could not cross the border into Holland where he thought he might find relatives. He saw absolutely no future in Europe for himself and was desperately anxious to get to the United States. After two months at Le Chambon, he now not only wants to stay in Europe but to finish his schooling and then go on to study theology. If we can give this kind of help, are we not doing a truly significant piece of work?

FLORENCE SANGREE

FROM

Japan

CHRISTIANS LOOK FORWARD TO RESUMPTION OF MISSION WORK

AN APPEALING LETTER BY ALICE E. CARY FROM TOKYO

Here I am back in Japan. All the descriptions of destruction had not prepared me for the actual sight of demolished houses, gutted buildings and gaunt chimneys. Parts of Tokyo seem fairly normal, for the reinforced concrete buildings were not too badly damaged.

But in contrast to the business section of the city are the large residential areas where fire wiped out thousands of homes, leaving little but the foundation stones and rubble. Small vegetable gardens now flourish in almost every burned-out block. These gardens are lifesavers—almost as valuable as homes—for the food situation is one of our most critical problems.

You cannot know how grateful I am to each one of you who entrusted me with funds and supplies to be used for relief. Never did things go so far, nor receive such gratitude. To people who have seen no sugar for three years, a bar of chocolate, a box of raisins, or some dried fruit is of untold value. Even our own Mary F. Denton (a missionary in Japan in 1888) who was here in Japan throughout the war snatched at the things I took to her and immediately ate a box of raisins and two bars of chocolate with such obvious hunger that it made my heart ache.

My first days upon returning to Japan were spent in meeting with our Japanese leaders to learn what they are planning and to discover how we can best fit into the picture. I met also with the church women and although it was an organization meeting, I could sense the dedication and eagerness of these women to serve and to make a real contribution to the life of the church.

KOBE

After a week of such meetings, we returned missionaries scattered to visit our former fields and friends. To see from the train window, as I approached Kobe, the shattered

countryside and the twisted remains of the buildings, interspersed with vast empty spaces where once stood the homes of my friends, wrung my heart. And to find Glory Kindergarten standing untouched in the midst of destroyed blocks appeared to be a miracle until I heard that it was saved by the heroism of those who fought the fires through the terrible nights when bombs rained upon Kobe. There just isn't space to tell of what I have heard of the two nights Kobe burned. I saw it written on the faces of my friends. They speak of it in passing, going on immediately to hopes and plans for the rebuilding of the work which was interrupted.

OSAKA

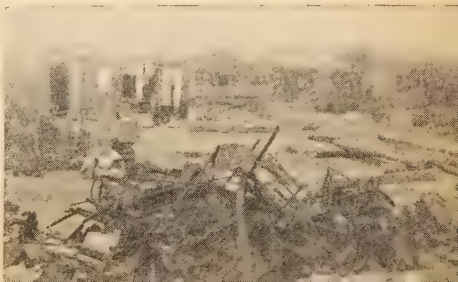
In Osaka I felt as if I must walk softly and reverently, also with deep gratitude that the Neighborhood House still stands and was able to provide so much protection during the raids on the city. Long before I came to the street that leads to the building I could look across burned stretches and see it standing bravely with its green trees giving a welcome touch of normality in the midst of blocks of destruction. Small houses, made of salvage, have sprung up here and there. On the south and west, rows of houses are still standing. From these came children—"It is the Neighborhood House teacher. It is Cary San!" Such a welcome as I received! From the door Mr. Mishiwaki, our young people's worker, came running. And after him Mrs. Yano, the wife of the head of the settlement. In a few moments near-by friends began to come in—all eager to tell of their experiences during the war, and wanting to know when the Morans and I were coming back. Immediately they began to plan for a welcome meeting to follow the morning service on Sunday, and soon they were busy writing postcards to go by special delivery so that as many as possible might come.

After church service on Sunday we all went upstairs to the club room. The message of welcome from one of our oldest deacons was very moving. At one point, telling of the terrible times they had been through, he

The remains of our new Hakuaikai Hospital

This was our Settlement House in Okayama

Tangled mass of Okayama hospital equipment



The recitation building of the Orlinda Childs Pierce Memorial High School for Girls, Matsuyama, before and after war

New residences for missionary teachers must be rebuilt. Left and below, a missionary residence before and after war

Below, entrance and offices of the Matsuyama Girls' School. Left, what was left after a bombing expedition

broke down and sobbed. But his talk ended with a word of hope that now they must all point their eyes to the future and rebuild what had so wantonly been destroyed. It wasn't easy for me to talk over the lump in my own throat. To be back once more with my old friends seemed almost too good to be true.

OKAYAMA

There are many encouraging pictures out here and I saw another when business took me down to the city of Okayama where my mother and father started their missionary work more than sixty-five years ago. It could have been such a sad trip had I let the destruction of so much of our mission property blind me to the spirit and hopefulness I found there.

My objective was the Hakuaikai Settlement. My mind went back to the many directors' meetings which I had attended there through the years, and the steady growth in buildings and staff that I had noted on my annual visits to the city.

At first there were only small, sprawling, wooden buildings for the school and dispensary work. Then came a good, two-story stucco building with ample space for classes, meetings and community affairs. Just before the outbreak of the war came the dedication of a well-equipped clinic and hospital for bed-patients, with an X-ray room and dental clinic in addition to the offices of the regular doctors and specialists. This was considered one of the show places in the city, even though located in one of the slum sections.

Today, the foundation stones, a snarled mass of twisted girders, and a single dental chair remain as silent witnesses of past glory. A few shacks and gardens planted among the ruins are the only signs of life. And yet the poor folk living in those shacks gave us a beaming welcome—wanting to know when the hospital would be rebuilt. It would be inconceivable to them that we were not planning to rebuild and resume our work. Meanwhile, without adequate space, equipment or drugs, a loyal and devoted group of our doctors and nurses are carrying on in a small and dark corner of a lodging house.

THE FUTURE

I have given you only a glimpse of what I have seen and of the problems that face us as we resume our work. Suffice it to say that we need our prewar quota of missionaries in Japan—as soon as they can get here. The tasks are great. Our Japanese friends need the encouragement of a friendly shoulder at the wheel as they try to carry forward. Perhaps as never before, there is a place for us. We are wanted and needed.

Not only are our former missionaries needed, but also young, enthusiastic, vigorous, consecrated new missionaries—a living expression of the very best we have to offer from our churches in the United States. Our Japanese friends are counting on you to send such young people to them and are waiting eagerly and impatiently to welcome them.

Miss Cary was born in Japan and upon completion of studies at Wellesley College was appointed a missionary to Japan in 1917.

DANIEL HAND EDUCATIONAL FUND FOR COLORED PEOPLE

Income received for five months ending October 31, $25,798.75

FROM

South Dakota

TAKING CHURCH TO HOMES IN A 77,000 SQUARE MILE PARISH

A LETTER BY LEILA W. ANDERSON FROM THE OPEN SPACES

It may sound like a mere matter of organization to say that our churches have two "extension workers" in the South Dakota Conference. Actually it is a matter of the keenest human interest. With an Indian parish of twenty-seven churches scattered for 500 miles along the Missouri River, with 181 churches in all and with only seventy-one ministers to serve them, with 6,810 of our families scattered over the more than 77,000 square miles of prairie in this great state, the opportunity has no ceiling. Last year our troubled leaders faced these facts with new concern. Then something happened.

It began when the South Dakota Conference determined that every family, not just those living within easy reach, should have religious training. It began with our working out a bona fide home department and sending materials for religious training, to fit the ages of everybody in the house, to every home. So it happened that on Sunday mornings each family would enjoy using these materials, an hour of reading the Bible, telling stories from it, talking about what it all meant. But it was hard to do this. Some of the parents had had so little chance, themselves, to know about these things, or had let the chance slip by. Only one family had ever attended a Sunday School regularly. "We don't know how to guide our children in this. We see now how important it is. We need help," they began to say to one another and to us.

People live far apart in the ranch areas. Often one can't see the house of the nearest neighbor. Going to church means traveling many miles on poor roads, and often the church that is nearest is thirty miles away. But in our South Dakota Conference there is no disposition to give up, to consign little children to spiritual famine, to leave whole families adrift without religious guidance and fellowship. At Sunnybrook, miles out on the prairie, only four of our fami-

lies live within reasonable distance from the little schoolhouse where their children go. But every Thursday after school hours these four families meet there for a Sunday School (one would have to say a church school, for it meets on a weekday—but what of that?). And I mean the family—the busy ranch father leaving his stock and his fields in the busy planting season to join in learning about the things that belong to the spirit; the busy mother planning a late supper and coming along; young people already beyond school age coming, too. The schoolhouse is so tiny that it almost bursts its walls to accommodate the thirty members of these four families—a whole church school in themselves! Clayton R. Behrens, our minister at Dupree, and his wife meet with them. (Mr. Behrens has three churches, far apart, which he must meet every Sunday; that's the reason for this Thursday school.)

After greetings and plenty of informal conversation about crops and canning and school problems, the group divides into three classes. One of the mothers teaches the children. "This is hard for me," she says. "I've never done such a thing before. But we must teach these important things to our children." The minister and his wife teach the other two classes. The little group of adults finds plenty to discuss as its members discover in the Book of Books the answers to some of the puzzling questions of these confusing days. And they have be-

Members of our Indian churches in South Dakota travel long distances to worship. Between services, families picnic around their wagons and in the shade of church. Right, a group of boys and girls gather for religious instruction at Red Elm. Above, our Ponca Creek parsonage and family

gun to ask for more materials, better tools with which to continue this four-family school.

Is it not for such centers as this, for such growing understanding and purpose and fellowship, that our larger Fellowship must continue to supply summer student helpers and year-round "extension workers" who can multiply the efforts of ministers and Conference superintendent, seeking out those who live on the byroads, carrying materials and friendliness wherever people live? I believe it is.

Miss Anderson has been an extension worker of our Board of Home Missions, and is now a field representative of our Division of Christian Education.

Right, our Springfield, So. Dakota, church and above, Union Church, Gregory. The Mt. Rushmore National Memorial, carved out of Black Hills granite, stands as "the shrine of democracy" in South Dakota Conference

It is Sunday evening here in the South Pacific and I've been to church this afternoon in one of the strangest and yet most beautiful churches in the world.

When we got halfway up the hill we came to a large hut of woven palm leaves and were told it was the church. When we came near a man came out to greet us with a "We are so happy to see you." We shook hands and then went around the side and looked in where the Sunday service was in progress.

It was one of the most impressive sights I have ever seen. The simple dignity of it all would make large ornate churches look foolish. At the back of the building, behind a low table, sat a man who was the minister. You couldn't have mistaken him for anything else. He was one of the most dignified men I've ever seen and one of the most self-composed. Our arrival must have had a profound effect on him, but he never waivered from his sermon or even broke the even low tone of his voice.

It was a very fine voice indeed. Low and very much in earnest it would have done justice to any pulpit.

When the sermon was over they all sang a hymn the tune of which I remembered having heard but couldn't place. They sang in two parts with the women singing the melody and the men the bass. Their voices were really quite good.

After the hymn the minister offered a prayer which was very reverent. Of course we couldn't understand it too well—or at all—but the word American came up three times and I'm sure he was praying for us. It was really very wonderful. Here we were in one of the remotest corners of the world, in a place where no Christian from the outside world had been for thirty years save ourselves and found prayers addressed to our God which were, even though we could not understand them, as reverent as in any palatial church in the world.

After the prayer they all said what I know was the "Lord's Prayer" together—we could follow the rhythm in English—and the service was closed. Then the minister came outside to where we were and greeted us in English with open arms. When we left he said he would come out Wednesday and send us off with, "May God go with you."

As you can guess, it has been a really thrilling day . . . some missionary can be proud of what he did.

DAVID

FROM

Africa

MISSIONS DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE ON "DARKEST CONTINENT"

A NEWS-LETTER BY J. A. REULING FROM JOHANNESBURG

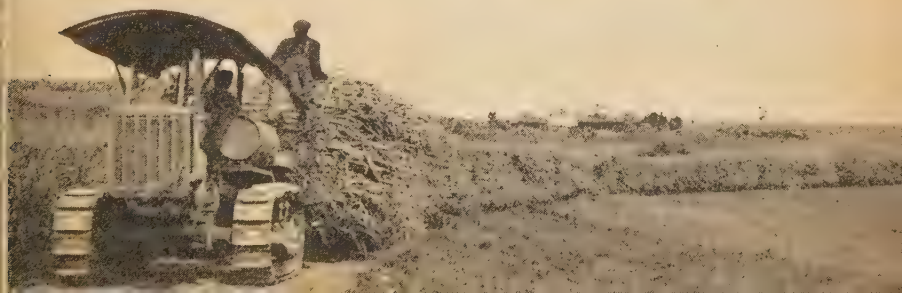
Greetings from Africa to the readers of *The Missionary Herald.* And let me say immediately that everywhere I have gone on this extensive visit of our Congregational Christian missions in Africa I have discovered the greatest enthusiasm in the native churches. They are carrying practically all of the responsibility of finances and personnel. They are putting up new churches and new schools by the dozens. They are paying their pastors and teachers more; they are ordaining new pastors; they are making large financial contributions to the vital work among those of their number who have been called away to distant regions for compulsory labor or who have gone to Johannesburg to work. And they have done this in spite of the fact that it takes the average man at least three months of labor to earn his tax which must be paid in cash.

Several impressions stand out vividly. The *first* is that the difference between those people attached to our churches and the rest of the Africans is astounding. Our people are better dressed; they are more alert; they have made excellent use of the practical things that our missionaries have taught them and have improved their conditions of living. A *second* impression is that Africans are subject to the same restlessness, the same uneasiness that affects the rest of the world. There is serious questioning, seething discontent, a burning desire for education, a desire for a greater share in the management of their own affairs. In the *third* place, the African leaders have great ability and a deep concern for the total welfare of their own people. They know that the materialistic values of our twentieth century can lead only to destruction unless the great masses of the people have the spiritual power and insight to use them wisely. African leaders are fully aware of the new ideas that come with the plane and the radio and are concerned about preparing their people for them.

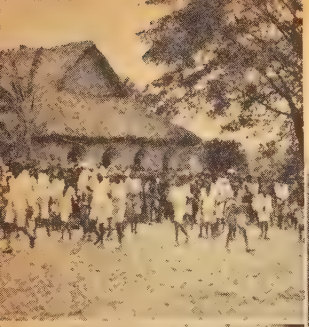
One of my first stops was Dondi, where Currie Institute for Boys, Means School for Girls, and Sara Hurd Scott Memorial Hospital are located. From there I went to Galangue, which is unique in being the only mission station of our Congregational Christian churches founded and manned by Negroes. Dr. A. M. McMillan, Superintendent of the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital, has made a name for himself all through the colony. Many of you will have read an article called "Jungle Doctor" about Dr. McMillan which appeared some time ago.

The villages here are great distances apart. To reach their villages many pastors have to walk sometimes sixty miles. Each village runs its own elementary school. Some centers have "boarding schools" for higher classes. After a few years here students are sent by their villages to the central station, where they sleep in adobe huts and get a few years of additional education. All pupils work in the school fields half a day, six days a week, and their other expenses are paid by the village which sends them. After completing the central station school, which means that they have had seven or eight years of schooling, certain of the most promising ones are chosen by their

Africa is changing. Above, drilling with modern equipment in the gold mines of South Africa. Center, a sisal plantation in East Africa, and below, an American tractor is pulling 52 two-ton trucks of cane sugar



Left, members of Bailundo congregation hurry home after the morning service. Below, class of beginners learning to write in the sand because of lack of desks. Right, school at Chikore



Left, children march in National Health Week parade in South Africa, and district nurses go off on community visits. Right, nurses march in a Health Week parade, and mothers call for milk at Alexandra Health Center. Below, our clinics are popular

Left, a patient being carried on a home-made stretcher for treatment at our Mount Silinda Hospital. Right, Mount Silinda students learning the basic principles of good gardening

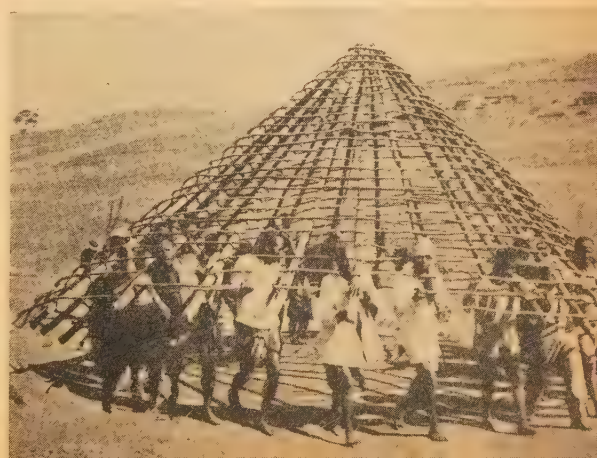
Second-year pupils in Angola outdoor school

villages and sent to our Currie Institute for Boys, or Means School for Girls, where they take either two- or four-year courses, and then go back to their own villages as workers and teachers. All of the work of the churches, pastors' salaries, buildings, and a large proportion of the educational work is supported directly by the people themselves, and this in a land where $5.00 a month is a princely wage.

Each of the mission stations is really a whole mission field in itself. Our station of Bailundo has six ordained pastors, each located in a center. One pastor has to walk fourteen days to cover his parish. He is in charge of an area as large as some of our smaller states. The ambition of the people has to be seen to be believed. They have erected schools, churches, village halls, all with their own resources. The people themselves are carrying on programs of adult education for those who didn't go to school when young. The work of the missionaries, of greater importance than ever, is to deal with government matters; to advise pastors and teachers, and to bring to the people a feeling that they have some unity with other groups; to assist with the educational program of the central schools; to train African nurses and dispensers; and generally to act as leaven among this tremendous mass of people. Their work is truly remarkable, but during the war years many have overstrained themselves by undertaking triple tasks.

One of the native villages I visited here was called Chipeio. The people had put up a neat little building about twelve feet square to serve as a dispensary. The native "enfermeiro" or medical aide, who had been trained in one of our mission hospitals, had an excellent stock of drugs. He had about thirty-five patients every day. Twenty two-room grass huts were occupied by sick people and their relatives who had come to look after them. People came in from very long distances to have their illnesses diagnosed and treated. Those too sick to walk were carried in a hammock slung on a pole with a man at each end. A man standing near one

Framework of a hut being carried to a kraal



of the huts had two enlarged glands in his neck, each as big as a football.

I next journeyed to our East Africa Mission, with its stations at Silinda and Chikore. This mission has pioneered in many fields; mission-trained people have scattered all over the vast area and are making a notable contribution. As is the case everywhere, however, there are some very serious problems here, which have been terribly complicated during the war by shortage of staff and funds, but none of these problems is insoluble, given the support necessary to carry on adequate work.

The educational task of the East Africa Mission is an important part of the work, and I have spent considerable time visiting primary schools. On the whole, an excellent job is being done. The children are invariably clean and neat, and very smart as they show off their games and their lessons in English and Scripture. I wish that you could all hear the rhythms and tones that even young boys can beat out, using two, three, or four drums all tuned differently.

The value and necessity of a good program of education in any mission is well illustrated by the situation here. We have a group of people belonging to the same tribe, speaking the same language, having the same history, divided by an international boundary. On the one side, where it is possible to carry on education, the people have developed and are a credit to themselves and their teachers. A few miles away, where education is not permitted at all, the people are backward, of little use to their country or the world, and a danger spot when the country opens up, as it inevitably will. Those of their number who are able to get over onto the other side almost always do well in the schools and come back to help their people. The hopeful thing is that many of the people realize their need and make use of every little bit of opportunity that filters through. In spite of the lack of leadership they are steadfast in their faith, and if help can be given them in time, they will make a wonderful advance.

The great metropolitan area of Johannesburg, where next I found myself, is a laboratory for the solution of many problems, for here are located the great mines.

One of the greatest services that our Congregational Christian churches of the United States can render the world is to continue to send well-equipped, devoted people to help tackle these and other problems, and to inspire those whose permanent homes are in this continent to carry their own burdens. That this is possible has already been amply demonstrated. It is our shame that we have not done a dozen times as much when the opportunities are so great. We haven't much time. Every indication points to the fact that the Africans want to do it in the Christian way. But they need help, training, encouragement, guidance, and in increasing amounts, as the problems of the day become more complex.

The Communists are clamoring for their ear. All the marvelous things that they have done look very fine indeed from this distance, and some of the less desirable features are not noticed. So far the Africans have, in the main, refused to be taken in, sensing the essential weaknesses of the approach with a wisdom that must be respected. However, unless we Christians really put our backs under their oppressive load and help them to carry it, can we expect them not to listen to the rosy promises with increasing belief?

Mr. Reuling is the Secretary for Africa of our American Board for Foreign Missions, and has been on an extended tour of our African missions.

Illustrations on pages 37 and 39 by Ewing-Galloway.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS ON INDIA

Mary M. Lago

If you could look from another planet at our earth and its affairs, you would realize that the relations between white Americans and brown or yellow Americans are part of a world-wide situation in which some men try to assign an unchanging place in life to other men on the basis of creed or color.

Because India is a land in which this system of division has become a rigid framework of society, India has been chosen as the foreign mission study theme for 1946–47. *The Missionary Herald*, in support of this study theme and emphasis, has published several articles on India in the September and November issues.

Today India, like America, is slowly learning that barriers of caste and class can mean only waste and heartache. In India, as in America, Christian groups are taking the lead in bringing about this realization and in doing something about the problem. A picture of all this is skillfully painted for us by L. Winifred Bryce in *India at the Threshold*.

Other books on India, for young and old, are pictured above. Order from the Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.; 19 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill.; 124 West 4th St., Dayton 2, Ohio.

Christmas Fund

Frank J. Scribner

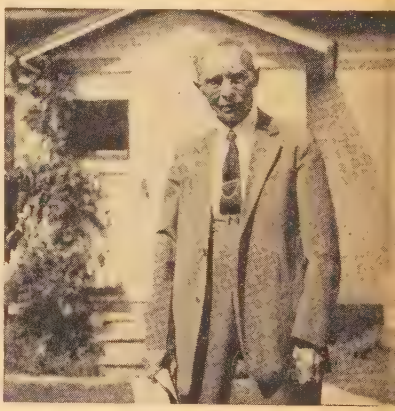
Each December the people of our Congregational Christian churches contribute a fund which is distributed by the Ministerial Relief Division in special extra gifts to our pensioners and to some others whom we know to be in need.

A large part of the Fund goes in the form of Christmas gifts. An Emergency Fund is formed out of the remainder, which is used throughout the year to meet unforeseen contingencies in the lives of our ministers. There is no better way of understanding what this Fund means than by reading the letters that come back from recipients.

* * *

Five years ago she suffered a crippling accident, which was followed by a cerebral hemorrhage. Her foster-daughter has carried the load valiantly. To one of the checks with which the Board has supplemented the regular grant, she replied:

"When your letter and most appreciated check came, I almost wept. It was truly an answer to a prayer, that somehow, some way, things would work out. When I was a child I had a strange relationship with God. I did not say just prayers, but I would talk to him most any time of the day. One year, Mother needed a coat badly and Dad simply didn't have the money (we never had any money) so in my childlike way I talked to God about it. The folks were very surprised when they received an unexpected check from the Board o Home Missions, but I wasn't sur prised—and Mother had a new coat



It is a relief not to have to worry about the hospital bill. Just to say 'thanks' is so inadequate."

* * *

At seventy-three, retired as an activ preacher, she and her husband are now active farmers. Independent of spirit and full of zeal for the Lord's house she has recently breathed oxygen into a neighboring church which was on the point of expiring and led it into a revival. Her "thank you" for the Christmas checks is classic in its natural simplicity:

"It was a big surprise. We were both sick with the grippe. Hardly able to be up, yet had to feed our team and hogs. We were needing

some warm clothing, and our corn pile and coal pile looked pitiful. You have no idea how much the check helped.

"I was wondering where our seed potatoes and garden seeds were coming from, so the check stopped the wondering.

"I am trying to get able to start a revival meeting at a church which has been down and out. I am preaching there once a month. Nothing said about salary. But I couldn't see the building sold when people

needed to be saved. I want to organize a Sunday School as soon as I can raise the price of supplies.

"We both had the flu, but as we didn't have the price of a doctor, I did the only thing left to do. We took home remedies and asked God's blessings on our efforts. I will not use the check for a doctor. We need so many things I can't decide just how to use it, but I am sure it will be used as I think we need it most. May God bless all who had a hand in making the checks possible."

* * *

The Board was informed of a critical maternity case in which there had to be a Caesarian operation, followed by complications. The bill was far in excess of the financial resources of the family. The Board helped from the Emergency Fund. The husband wrote:

"We have been rather neglectful, yet none the less appreciative of the wonderful help the Board of Ministerial Relief has been to us. Through it, we have been enabled to see brighter days. We are happy that Mrs. X is now up and about most of the day. Both of us and our two fine children will always remember this

token of affection from the church which we strive to serve in our small capacity. God bless you as you continue to bring happiness to others. Thank you again."

Dr. Scribner is General Secretary of the Ministerial Relief Division of the Board of Home Missions.

* * *

Send your contributions to

THE CHRISTMAS FUND

Board of Home Missions

287 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

(*Make checks payable to The Christmas Fund*)

ABOUT PEOPLE ABROAD

Dorothy P. Cushing

NEW WORLD A'BORNIN' Miss Alice M. Huggins and Miss Laura B. Cross are back in China. Here they stand before the Lutheran Mission plane, the St. Paul, which flew them in five hours from Shanghai to Peiping, via Tsing Tao. This C47 can carry 6,000 pounds and transports not only Lutheran and other missionaries, but relief material and workers.

In Peiping the familiar old Chinese gateman rubbed his shiny bald head and his face lighted with a smile which Miss Cross declares was "worth coming across the Pacific to see." Cried he, "Oh, you've come back!"

The return of Miss Huggins and Miss Cross gave great hope to the Chinese. Costs of living have soared. "Buildings need repairing and re-equipping, but the building of better understanding, helping to enrich lives and the participation in training leaders seems more vital than ever," says Miss Cross in her letter home. "We will try to do our part if you will not let us down."

AHEAD OF US? The Assembly of the South India United Church has approved the church union plan with the British Methodists, the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon (Anglicans) by a percentage of 85. "This means that Indian Christians, originally connected with the following missionary societies are to be united within one church," explains the Rev. Raymond A. Dudley: "English Congregationalists; Reformed Church of America; Scotch Presbyterians; Australian Presbyterians; American Congregationalists; Basel Mission of Germany; British Wesleyans (Methodists) and the Church of England.

"It means full organic union between Congregationalists, Presby-

terians and Episcopalians, based on the historic episcopate in a constitutional form." According to 1941 figures this union comprises 263,680 communicant members, with a total Christian community of 1,017,183.

MORE! MORE! Dr. Carl Heath Kopf, a Vice-President of the American Board for Foreign Missions, returned recently from a special trip to the Philippine Islands where he represented the Congregational Christian churches at an important Interdenominational Postwar Planning Conference. He reports that in Mindanao they "beg for a missionary to cultivate deeper church life." He said: "Consecrated lay leaders fill gaps, but we must train more ministers." He said: "Our clinic at Dansalan operated all through the occupation. When the Japanese said: 'You must forget English'—they said it in English!"

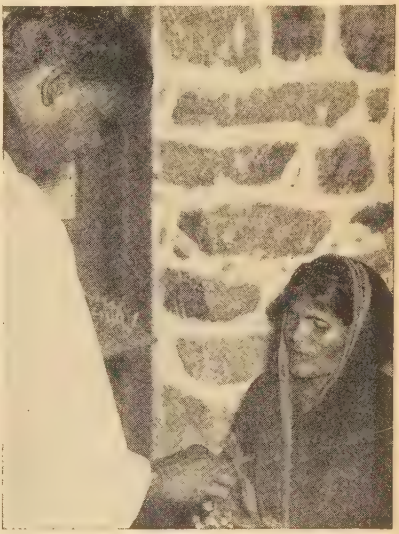
"GOOD TO KNOW . . . " SAID SEC'Y BYRNES. The Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, Inc. flew Dr. Frank C. Laubach to Paris to organize prayer groups in behalf of the Peace Conference. Secretary James F. Byrnes gave him every courtesy. He sat in one of the ten American seats. "It is good during these difficult times to know that the people of the world are praying for the success of our efforts to build an enduring peace," said Mr. Byrnes.

During the remaining fall months Dr. Laubach divided his time between organizing similar prayer cells across America, promoting our Congregational Christian Postwar Emergency Program and counselling with Hollywood on new films to teach illiterates.

In January he will be in Cairo, Egypt, and spend all of 1947 and part of 1948 in different parts of Africa as well as in Iraq, Iran, Palestine, Syria and Turkey on literacy work. He plans to go back to Mindanao, Philippine Islands, during the summer of 1947.

Out there, from Government offices to the market and the humblest home, Dr. Carl Kopf heard the question: "Will Dr. Laubach come back?"

THIS IN REMEMBRANCE. Here is an Indian country woman taking communion from the hands of Pastor



Gabriel of the Kodaikanal Church. "Peace on earth . . . " is the prayer of fellow Christians around the globe at this Christmas-time 1946.

ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING Congregational Christian pastors in Peiping, North China, the Rev. Ping Hung Wang, who visited America before the war, never left home for pastoral work during the years of the Japanese occupation without having Mrs. Wang hand him a small towel and a piece of soap—just in case he was imprisoned!

BEYOND PREJUDICE

Henry Tani

Four years of wartime exile from normal community life for some 100,000 Japanese Americans, and the very significant contribution made by our Protestant churches to alleviate attendant suffering, is now told in *Beyond Prejudice* written by Toru Matsumoto.

Mr. Matsumoto has compiled in this one volume the beginning-to-end story of "our worst wartime mistake" with emphasis on the concern of the religious leaders both within and without the relocation centers.

For the development of the Japanese-speaking churches in this country, the book credits the foreign mission efforts in Japan which produced theological graduates who came over to America and ministered to over 50 home mission churches among this new immigrant group.

When panic-stricken folks received orders to leave their life-long homes for an unknown future, innumerable Christian folk gave them personal assistance.

To America's Christendom, these camps were blots in our American scene. Protestantism rose majestically and with its mighty efforts contributed greatly to the final dissolution of these concentration centers. Today the camps are closed, but there is much "unfinished business" before the "divine plan of God—the unity of the human race" is realized.

The book, *Beyond Prejudice*, is available for 75 cents in paper, $1.25 in cloth, from the Friendship Press, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE UNIT PLAN

Robert Cashman

The Unit Plan is the project undertaken by Congregational Christian churches to keep the annuity payments to members of the Original Plan in the Annuity Fund for Congregational Ministers at their maximum amount of $500 to a minister or $300 to a widow.

Here is a letter showing what these modest annuities mean to our retired ministers and their widows, and how vital it is that gifts to the Unit Plan save them from reduction.

"When Mr. X died in 1930, he had not arrived at the retiring age, so my annuity was only $60 a quarter. He had a small life insurance policy of $1,000 and a $200 sickness policy. I was young enough at that time so I hoped to secure some paying work, but as you know that was a time when jobs were at a premium. I could get nothing. I tried and my friends tried but there just was no opening. The church very generously called as pastor my son-in-law, who was just entering the ministry, so I could stay on in the parsonage. Off and on I was there for the next six years. My annuity was accumulating, also the interest on the $1,000.

"Always I was dreaming of a home of my own and looking for a job. Finally, in 1935 I had the faith and courage to buy this little home here in XYZ using $850 of the life insurance money. The rest of it was spent on improvements. I rented the house for a few months then moved here. I had a home of my own and an income of $311.12 a year on which to live. I believed I could do it. But, the following winter my son came home in a complete nervous breakdown, and the roof gave out! That was a pretty dark period, but

the annuity kept coming and the next September I hired out for nine months as housekeeper and nurse for an old lady. That saved the day.

"The next winter my son was still unable to get work although he had college training and lacked but little of his university degree. It was the annuity that kept us going. In the spring of '39 he finally did get a job of sorts. In August of '39 my daughter died and I spent the next year taking care of her husband and children.

"Now my son is in a home of his own. My son-in-law is married again, and I still have one daughter left. So if the Annuity Fund continues to function, it looks as if my future is secure."

Unit Plan gifts may be sent to your State Conference office or to The Unit Plan, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Mr. Cashman is National Chairman of the Unit Plan, and Business Manager of Chicago Theological Seminary.

OBITUARIES

CAROLYN SEWALL

The death of Carolyn Sewall, children's Missionary, will be mourned by a great many people living both here and in China, who knew Miss Sewall in days gone by. Successful as she was as a foreign missionary of the American Board in China, Carolyn Sewall was a beloved missionary to boys and girls in the territory of the "old Woman's Board." She was their representative in China. Her financial support was given by the boys and girls in our Congregational Christian churches from Maine to Florida, including the middle Atlantic as well as New England states. They all knew her. They knew the work they were doing in China through her. She wrote fascinating letters to them, in such a personal way and on their child level, acquainting them with everything she was doing, and making them feel that she had very little to do with it and it was their work. As one twelve-year-old said to a visiting missionary from China, "Do you know Carolyn Sewall? I've been supporting her for three years!"

When Carolyn Sewall came home on her furloughs, she spent most of her time visiting the children's organizations in our churches—mission bands, Junior Christian Endeavor Societies, Sunday Schools—reporting to the boys and girls on their work in China. They gave her a royal welcome. At the regional rallies held for her, the children learned "Jesus Loves Me," in Chinese to surprise her when they sang it—to make her feel at home. They were partners with her in China. These children sent her boxes of anything she needed for her work. Her storeroom in China was kept full all the year with boxes that Congregational boys and girls packed with their handwork and toys for their Chinese friends at Christmas. And whenever an extra sum of money was needed for Carolyn Sewall's Look-up-to-the-Mountain School or any of her other work, the Woman's Board had only to mention it to the Branch Children's Secretaries and it was as good as raised.

Today many Congregational adults attribute their first interest in missions to their share in Carolyn Sewall, C.M. Through her years of illness they remembered her lovingly. On her last birthday, when those who knew her were sought from near and far to surprise her with a birthday card shower, hundreds responded and one children's leader wrote, "The biggest lack in missionary education today is a children's missionary."

Carolyn Sewall will live, not only in the children and women who she served and loved in Tientsin, but by a host of children, grown up, and now leaders of children, who were her faithful and intelligent partners in this country through her years of loving service for the American Board and for the cause of Christ in China.

AGNES KELSEY SHUTE

●

Emery W. Ellis, formerly an American Board missionary in China died June 21 in Hershey, Nebraska, in his sixty-ninth year. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were in Lintsing for about fifteen years and then later at Tehchow where they worked with the Williams-Porter Hospital until 1927.

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